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From:
Mike Gunderloy
41 Lawrence St.
Medford, MA, 02155
USA

To:

FIRST CLASS

[8]

Staph:

Founderer Emeritus: St. Michael D. Miller, retd.
Spiritual Guidance: St. Stephen Xavier of Trever
Nuts & Berries Correspondent: Norm Lee
Rotating Canadians: Roldo, Georges Giguere, C. F. Kennedy and Catherine Crockett
Visual Arts Critic: Anni Ackner
Aural Arts Critic: Shane Williams
Funnybooks Critic: Robert Gillie, U.P.E.
Xeroxing: Yalda Bahut, Child of Chaos
Illustrations: Roldo, John Crawford, Minitrue, Karen Williams
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The Aeditor's office decor by Mr. Fred
Approved by Eighteenth Century Communications, Ltd.

FACTSHEET FIVE

what we have here is another issue of the zine of crosspollination and crosscurrents, brought to you by Mike Gunderloy, who is sometimes to be found at Superlative Manor (aka BBBTLE), 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155; phone (617)-391-3496. This is Pretzel Press publication #462, and is itnended for direct mailing to all the Good Folks. Frequency: more or less quarterly. Press run: 200 copies. 8th issue. Ⓚ All rites reversed.

*****

For a change, this November 1983 issue of FACTSHEET FIVE is in pretty much the same format as the last one. Let's hear it for the islands of stability in an instable life. And speaking of stability, here's why you got this:

( ) You sent stamps
( ) You sent money
( ) We're trading zines
( ) We're engaged in complimentary unilateral exchange
( ) You sent me something new to review
( ) You're on the staph
( ) Other:

THE LAST ISSUE YOU'LL GET WITHOUT TAKING ACTION WILL BE:

Now for the usual distasteful news: the price is up once again. Current subscription rate is hereby announced to be 80 cents in stamps or $1 in cash per issue. Sorry, guys, but no more cheap xerox for me, as my contact is on to bigger and better things. I don't know for sure if this is going to be the final subscription price; I may have to adjust it after I figure out how much the February issue is going to cost. After this one, the mailing list may be trimmed drastically; if it says this is your last issue, it really is.

As usual, you shouldn't subscribe for more than four issues in advance,as I refuse to guarantee the appearance of this zine for more than a year. Anything over $3.20 in stamps or $4.00 in cash will be considered a contribution to the well-being of FF. I do appreciate such contribs, really I do, but I don't want to take your money under false pretenses.

In lieu of money or stamps, you can also trade me your own fanzine (all for all), send me something to review that I have not already reviewed, win one of the Fabulous FF contests, or send along drugs, negotiable securities or canned goods to ensure your continued receipt of FF. What will <u>not</u> work is begging, sending letters of comment (though I do like to get them you still have to pay somehow), and non-credible threats.

Enough of that. I'm not really looking for any more staph writers at the moment. You may notice there is more staph listed for "Canadian Corner" than you will find writings from. Cathy & CFK will be along next issue; CC is going to be a revolving column.

Hope you all had a nice Turkey Day, and enjoy the end of year holidays of your choice, and survive your New Year's hangovers. I'll be back sometime after Groundhog Day.

"Still enjoying your factsheet reviews. The format is a huge improvement over the good old mimeo days. How much trouble would it be to put the whole thing on an info network or modem bulletin board?" Well, Steve, it wouldn't be too much trouble, except for the fact that most of my readers don't own computers yet. Still, in the future I do hope to make at least part of this zine available in electronic format, if the demand is high enough.

*****

THE CONNECTION NO. 114 (Sample issue $1 from Erwin S. Strauss, 9850 Fairfax Square #232, Fairfax, VA 22031): The country's finest-print apa, TC is devoted to the discussion of libertarianism and related topics. Each issue runs about 80 pages, photo-reduced to ½ of their original size. You may need a magnifying glass to read it, but the contributors make it worthwhile to do so. The members cover a wide range of intellectual backgrounds and interests, and the discussions manage to be informative if sometimes a bit abstruse. Recommended to anyone who is interested in leftist philosophy.

*****

THE SPARK, Vol. 1 #1 (Sample $1 from PO Box 528, Port Townsend, WA 98368): "A newsletter of contemporary anarchist thought", THE SPARK is another attempt to produce a journal covering a broad range of anarchist thought. The slant of the initial issue seems a bit negative--articles on Why Marriage Is a Bad Thing, How Terrible a Capitalistic Tool The Yellow Pages Are, and Why the Declaration of Independence Should be Abhorred by Anarchists (my titles). Still, the quality of writing and layout is very good, and this is probably a magazine worth keeping an eye on.

*****

FIGHTING WORDS: An Epigrammar (SASE from The Last International, 2000 Center St. #1314, Berkeley, CA 94704): a collection of quotes from noted figures that are designed to get your dander up, this will have you baffled or laughing helplessly depending on how your sense of humour is wired. Sample mal mots: "New wave means wearing a safety pin in your chic" (Hairy Debbie) and "He who is on the spiritual plane, misses the boat" (Mahatma Propagandi).

*****

THE FAMILIST, Vol. 2, #5 (Free from 5324 Sun Valley Drive, El Paso, TX 79924): I had thought this one was dead, but I guess it was just resting. As an alternative to the State, these people propose the Family, seeing it as the basic unit of human culture and the individual's hope for support. Whether you agree with this or not, their basic libertarian stand--to get the government out of family matters and to give children equal rights with adults--is pretty laudable. The publishing schedule has been irregular, but I've enjoyed each new issue very much. My main beef is that they are pretty thoroughly tied to the idea of political action and working through the State as a means to change, something I consider futile and self-contradictory.

*****

"...ALL the bathrooms in my house are on the east side & ALL have light switches on the outside...is there something significant about this?" Well, Doc, not really, but I just couldn't resist the opportunity to continue the longest-running discussion in these pages a bit longer.

HAWAI'I #7 (25 cents or trade from Seth Goldberg, PO Box 7309, Menlo Park, CA 94025): Menlo Park isn't quite in Marin County, but this is definitely a laid-back sort of fanzine. In the main this is Seth's zine for the ancient amatuer press association FAPA, but he includes letters from people who aren't members of that august body. Seth writes pleasingly but not flashily; the main article in this issue is about the growing possibilities for multiple relationships opened up by cheap and easy travel. There is also an interesting letter column that discusses such things as the future of the Fan Hugos and the philosophy of science. One warning: Hawai'i is very infrequent, and the next issue might not be along until 1985, but it's worth the wait.

*****

FREFANZINE 42 (Sample $1 from Mike Gunderloy, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155--hey, that's me!): "The only libertarian sci-fi apa in theentire friggin' universe", this is still alive and going relatively strong. For the non-fannish among my readers, an apa is sort of a mass discussion in print; every member sends in a contribution and everyone gets a copy of the final product. In Frefanzine, the main topic of discussion is anarchy and other similar perversions, but people also talk about music, raising kids, old movies, and anything else they damned well please. This is a friendlier, less ideological place to talk about politics than, say, SRAF or The Connection--and we're always looking for new contributors. I just recently took over as Head Mutant following a long and glorious stint by the Grand Imperial Gila, Sean Haugh.

*****

SOUTH OF THE MOON No. 19 & No. 19.5 ($1 from Denys Howard, PO Box 2507, Seattle, WA 98111): Speaking of apas, the latest issue of the guide to all know apas has finally appeared. This issue contains particulars on well over 100 different amatuer press associations. Topics range from gourmet cooking to James Bond to railroads to Dungeons & Dragons to VCRs to Star Trek to Ghu knows what else; whatever your interest, it's a fair bet that there is someone willing to talk about it in the pages of one of these publications. The fanzine itself is beautifully typeset; though it was a long wait for this issue, Denys promises the next one will be out relatively quickly. I hope so; SOTM is a real public service, and deserves to be better known.

*****

KALIAN Vol. 2 #8 ($1.50 from 625 Post St. Suite #533, San Francisco, CA 94109): This is the magazine of the "Erotic Youth Network", a sexually-oriented organization for those beneath the age of consent. They claim to have 3,217 members and a circulation of over 5,000. I suppose it's possible. Quite frankly, most people would consider this publication to be "sick". I just figured I'd mention it for the few pedophiles and juveniles I know are in my audience. I'm not interested myself, but if no one gets hurt, I don't see any reason why this sort of thing needs to be suppressed.

"After your mag came in the mail I spent about the next hour or so reading it. It's really a useful thing and obviously takes a long time to put together. One quote you published from a letter said that the author thought he was the only one putting out one of these rags. That's what I used to think, too, before I started getting Inside Joke a couple of years ago and then Factsheet." Thanks, Ron. I figure I must put about twenty hours or so of work into each issue of FF, not counting layout time. It's nice to know some people appreciate it.

*****

GET STUPID #2 ($3+ 9x12 SASE or trade for something "REALLY STUPID" from Deitch/Rasmussen, 534 Revere St., Revere, MA 02151), A zine of confusing and enlightening artwork and words, occasionally assembled into phrases and even paragraphs. "Stupidism" is a sort of heretical offshoot of the Church of the SubGenius. To quote the intro to the zine: "'Stupidism' is DADA without politics. 'Stupidism' is realism without reality. 'Stupidism is media without a message." Whatever these guys are, they seem determined to contact similar Mutants, and I know some of you readers are qualified for the job. Get in touch.

*****

BLITZ #47 ($8.50/6 issues from PO Box 48124, Los Angeles, CA 90048-0124): "The Rock and Roll Magazine For Thinking People", this packs a lot of information into its 30 pages. Blitz covers a wide spectrum of rock, from the early roots to new bands just cutting their first records. Leafing through this issue, I see coverage on The Roayl Guardsmen, Ian Whitcomb, the Plimsouls, the Honeys, the Yardbirds, and The Little Girls, among others. Gossip and interviews arethe mainstay of this magazine, and they are all very well done. This is a professional job, and anyone who is a rock fanatic should subscribe. And, unlike Rolling Stone, they don't find it necessary to plaster the back page with an obituary every issue.

*****

dop E #5-6 ($2 from tentatively, a convenience, Box 382, Baltimore, MD, 21203): tent calls himself an "anti-artist" (sometimes), and other people generally call hime worse things. This....thing seems to be a sort of small magazine composed of xeroxed collages. On the surface, it makes no sense at all, though there are cryptic inscriptions which seem to indicate that some sort of decoding would reveal some sort of meaning. I sure can't find it. All the author says about it is "it's not visual poetry". Whatever it is, it's too cryptic for me.

*****

INTERGALACTIC ANIMAL HUSBANDRY No. 13 ($1.50 or trade from Ed Zdrojewski, 1891 Union St., #1D, Benton Harbor, Mich. 49022): IAH used to be an interesting little fanzine, done in that most traditional of illegible media: spirit duplicator. With this new version, Ed has moved up to the more-legible but still-fannish mimeograph and signed on Nina Bogin to act as co-editor and resident artist. This particular issue consists mainly of one article by Ed, on How The World Didn't End in 1982 (my title). Even if you think you know the ending to the story, you might still want to read this to get Ed's personal persepective on events. After all, it's not every day you run across a literate article from a libertarian anarchist Neopagan farm editor, is it? ((By the way, Ed, they really didn't think the world was coming to an end just because the Christian year was numbered 1000)).

JUNK COMIX ($1.50 from the Neither/Nor Press, Box 8043, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48107): Another underground comic, more or less. The publisher's blurb says "We are JACKASS OUTLAW PUBLISHERS! Before the schools and parents and courts can say 'You can't think like that, write like that. You can't draw that way' we wanna get in there and say 'Yes you can' and 'Here it is!'" The comics in this one don't quite live up to that billing. Mostly they bring out the foibles of various groups (Valley Girls, politicians, right-wing two-fisted drinkers and the like) with amusing but unpolished artwork. Fun, but not revolutionary.

*****

"Thanks for your review of BEATNIKS FROM SPACE #3...You did, however make one small mistake. It sells for $3.50...Don't worry. At this point, anyone who takes the initiative to send us anything will get what they ask for." Sorry about that, Dennis. That's what happens when I get zines bearing no cover price second-hand from friends.

*****

THE DUPLEX PLANET #51 (Sample $1.25 from David B. Greenberger, 16 University Road #2, Brookline, MA 02146): The Duplex Planet is composed in the main of responses given by the denizens of The Duplex Nursing Home to strange questions asked by the editor. Sample questions: "What can you tell me about the behaviour of fish" and "What would you do if you were president?" Each issue runs about 15 pages and is surprisingly interesting. These people may not know the Secrets of the Universe, but they certainly have a different outlook on things than most people I know.

*****

SIDNEY SUPPEY'S QUARTERLY AND CONFUSED PET MONTHLY (editorial whim from Candi Strecker, 213 S. Grove #2, Oak Park, IL 60302): I think of this as a journal of contemporary culture. Candi discusses whatever happens to have captured her attention for a while. In this issue that includes Japanese Comics, fixing up houses in the subrubs, candy recipes, rubber stamps, and modern slang. I don't really know what you have to do to get this zine, but you should do it. Oh, one more thing--the above address may well not be good by the time you get this zine. Watch for a COA in the next FF, or later on in this one.

******

WALLPAPER, Vol. II, issue VI (Sample issue 50 cents from PO Box 3324, Trenton, NJ 08619): This is the only other magazine besides FF that I know of which calls its writers a "staph". This is an amusing collection of poems, stories, artwork, photos and miscellaneous nonsense. I don't like the poems any more than I like most "modern" poetry, but the rest of it was fun. Besides, how can you go wrong at that price? (They also take stamps in lieu of cash).

*****

"It's always struck me (well, since 1961 it has struck me) that fen were willing captives of the status quo. After all, fandom's a time consuming hobby, and thus innately inimical to self-study, night school, or any other traditional path to self betterment. Possibly I'm a philistine for putting, say, law degrees or running for Congress ahead of Regency Dancing." Possibly you are, Mike, but I agree with you (except for the part about running for congress).

THE WINDANCE SOCIETY FLYER*: *(NOT a Newsletter!) (Sample copy $1 from Windance Society, PO Box 120504, Nashville, TN 37212): The Windance Society is an affiliate of the American Kitefliers Association, and this zine is naturally about kites and their flying. News and photographs cover the current doings of the Society, plus tips on kites and how to fly them. It's been ages since I flew a kite, but this may get me started on it once again.

*****

TO APEIRON #2 ($2 cash from PO Box 95, Stn. Place d'Armes, Montreal, Quebec H2Y 3E9, CANADA): "the magazine of the LIBERTARIAN PAGAN". This is a magazine with far-reaching contacts around the world and a decidedly strange emphasis even for an anarchist publication. Mixed in with the articles on Direct Action and Animal Rights are those discussing Astrology or the failings of Christianity as a leader of the Peace movement. Valuable for its list of contacts around the world. They also have buttons for sale at $1 each which depict an anthropomorphized sun making an obscene gesture, surronded by the words "Nuclear Power? Fuck Off!!!"

*****

THE HIMALAYAN NEWS Sept./Oct. 1983 (FREE from RD 1, Box 88, Honesdale, PA 18431): Put out by something called The Himalayan Institute, this bills itself as a publication "devoted to yoga, meditation, psychology, holistic health, and Eastern Studies". Much of this issue was taken up with news of the Institute's upcoming courses and products for sale. The cassette tapes, for example, range from "Family Health in the Ancient Scriptures" to "The role of Tennis as a Therapy". They also offer coursework and seminars, and trips to the Himalaya mountains with tours designed to visit assorted spiritual places. The whole thing is the brainchild of one Swami Rama, which sounds like a new movie technique to me, but on the other hand, the price is right.

*****

"So it has been a few days since I received the last issue of FACTSHEET FIVE and I am still a free man, so apparently democracy still reigns here in Columbia the Gem of the Ocean. ...Roldo...If in fact our friends from the frozen North have something to say, I wish that he would say it. He certainly writes in an interesting way, but why is it everyone feels compelled to repeat the same old cliches about the imminent arrival of Big Brother and the Police State (now if I were starting a rock-n-roll band, that's what I'd call it)?" I dunno, actually. It does seem that the spectre of 1984 has been blown way out of proportion lately, but perhaps that's because it was too ignored before?

*****

SOUTHERN AGITATOR Vol. 4 No. 1 (Sample $1.50 from PO Box 52467, New Orleans, LA 70152): 64 pages of tightly-packed news of interest to anti-authoritarians, the AGITATOR is well worth the money. It functions as sort of a digest of anarchist news. Topics in this issue include Censorship, chemical dumping, drug rights, Native American rights, disarmament and lots more. They also have addresses for lots of groups and periodicals that I'm not in touch with. And, as the name says, this mag concentrates on areas of action, current and potential, rather than just theory.

ROMAN CANDLE (Sample $1 from the Greater Delaware Valley Kite Society, PO Box 426, Newfield, NJ 08344): "The Journal of the International Brotherhood of Parachuting Fauna", this one originates in England but is distributed by the GDVKS. I don't really expect to be believed, but what these people do for fun in fly a kite, attached to which is a stuffed bear with a miniature parachute; which is later released to fall to fall to the ground. According to the Oficcial Jumping Technique, the jump is considered a success if the parachute does not open. If you want to know how to build parachutes for stuffed bears, I don't think you'll be able to find out any other way.

*****

VERTEX TREK (sample 25 cents (I guess) from PO Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608): This one is just starting out, and hasn't yet managed to put down a price. Indeed, it's not much of a zine yet. What it is intended to be is a newsletter for the Greater Los Angeles area, covering "Health, spiritual matters, and Healing, along with short stories". If people are interested, it looks like it could grow into a good alternative network publication. The thing is wide open for definition by audience participation right now.

*****

MYSTERIOUS DOCUMENT ($1 & 9x12 SASE from Dietch, 534 Revere St., Revere, MA 02151): Just what the title says. An assortment of indecipherable script and what appear to be distorted ergonomics drawings. For the hardcore SubGenius only.

*****

ZEKE THE GEEK AND OTHER ODDITIES ($2 from Randy Maxson, PO Box Company, 10 Milk St., Box 1459, Boston, MA 02108): A book of not-quite-underground comics: these short strips could almost make it to your evening paper if most of them weren't in such poor taste. Zeke is your typical stupid oaf, and other strips are devoted to the problems of the campus wimp and similar losers. The quality is a bit rocky, but some of these are pretty funny.

*****

"...the value of Robert Gillie's column I must contest... his enthusiasm far outstrips his qulifications. This is clear from a number of things, for instance how in 3½ pages he only managed to review two titles. Even more obvious was his statement, 'X-Men has been around since the early seventies, I believe'. Well, he believes wrong, and a simple reference to Understreet would have informed him that X-Men #1 was published in September 1963. An error like this is, to any serious comic fan, inexcusable, and shoots his credibility totally." Fortunately, Tracy, I'm not a serious comics fan. I pick my staph writers because I like their style. Heck, they could talk about auto repairs if they wanted to do so.

*****

LITTLE FREE PRESS (FREE from Box 8201, Minneapolis, MN 55408): Earnest Mann is still on his crusade to have "Priceless Economics" become accepted. His latest idea is the formation of a Priceless Economics Center, where people who like the idea could get together and deal with each other on the basis of PE while still paying for things in the outside world, and also work on spreading the ideas behind PE. Sounds crazy, and it probably is, but there are a lot of crazy people in the world. It's worth writing for more information.

EMANCIPATION #49, 50, 51 ($5/year from AAA, Box 840, Benjamin Franklin Station, District of Columbia 20044): After 5 years of publishing, this monthly is still going strong. Typeset and nicely printed, Emancipation covers news of the anarchist movement, interspersed with analyses of various anarchist issues. #50 was particularly good, containing an article on the past history of the magazine, news of the Rainbow Celebration, and an article about the anarchist concept of the community.

*****

THE SOUTHERN LIBERTARIAN MESSENGER Vol. XII No. # ($5/year from Rt. 10 Box 52A, Florence, SC 29501): The Messenger used to be just a zine of miscellaneous clippings from other places, all chosen to point up the essential stupidity and harmfulness of various levels of government. Now it's moving into a new area and printing original short articles and reprinting letters to the editor of major papers, which are nearly articles in their own right.

*****

EPIA SOCIETY DIGEST (Sample $1 from PO Box 5611, San Bernardino, CA 92412): "Dedicated to the American Constitution", this journal wants to wake people up to the enormous fraud perpetrated on them by the Federal Reserve System and its member banks. I find it amusing, and it's also noteworthy as a tie-in to a whole world of right-wing, constitutionalist and hard-money magazines that I don't subscribe to.

*****

NRG 21 ($2.50 from 6735 SE 78th, Portland, OR 97206): A little literary magazine, with this particular issue consisting solely of short stories by Willie Smith, NRG is new to me though it has apparently been around for a while. Smith's prose is somewhat experimental, and he has the same regard for the rules of plotting as the new-wave writers in the science fiction field. I liked the story "Growing up White", but only because it appealed to my sick mind.

*****

"Speaking of content, we loved the call'ems by Ackner and Gillie. Your own editoryal efforts are less splashie but appreciated for the wealth of obscure info." That's a theme that came up in several letters I received. Though I wasn't expecting all of my readers to go right off and write for the pubs I mentioned, I've been surprised by the number who say they like to know about the wackoes even if they have no real intention of writing to them.

*****

THE PSYCHOZOIC PRESS #5 ($2 from 2121 Braley Rd., Coos Bay, OR 97420): This is the first anniversary issue of the only magazine devoted exclusively to psychedelics & hallucinogens that I know of, and it's still going strong. This issue talks about the continuing legal struggles of the Ethiopian Zion Coptic Church, the advantages of natural drugs over synthetics, and how to tell trippy mushrooms from poisonous ones, among other things. The presentation of information remains excellent, balanced between popularized and technical, and giving honest presentations of the pros and cons of various drugs.

*****

PLAYHOUSE August 1983 ($1.50 from 537 Jones St. No. 8183, San Francisco, CA 94102): The magazine of "all world charm" remains in extremely dubious taste. A meeting place for those who are not of the sexual norm, this is not for the timid or easily offended. Their editorial views arelibertarian but they're not as interested in politics as in sex.

I think it's time to remind all of you the fourth FACTSHEET FIVE Contest is still running. To win the fabulous (but carefully unspecified) prizes, you need only answer this simple question: In what book does the "Bobby-Joe Hendricks Cocktail Lounge" appear? C'mon, it's not that tough: I know some of you have read the book, but no one has even ventured a guess yet.

*****

As long as I'm on business, the following copies of the last FF came back as undeliverable: Mambo Press, Fr. Impudicus, Negative Army, and Spider Rainbow. If anyone can give me a line on the whereabouts of these shifty folks, I'd appreciate it.

*****

NOMOS, Vol. 1 #3 ($2 from 9857 S. Damen Ave., Chicago, IL 60643) (Note new address!): Another journal of eclectic anarchy, Nomos is the most impressive new magazine I've seen in a long time. The only editorial position is that we anti-authoritarians have to stick together, and they try to present as broad as possible a movement. This issue has articles on Home Education, Libertarian Architecture, and the ever-present Federal Reserve. It's also one more excellent source of contacts within the movement (whatever that movement may be). Give this a try for at least one issue, even if you don't think of yourself as a libertarian.

*****

LIVING FREE #23 ($1.25 from Jim Stumm, Box 29, Hiler Branch, Buffalo, NY 14223): "A personal journal of self liberation", this one is for people who want to live a free life without there having to be a revolution first. The premise of self liberation is that one can divorce onself enough from society, by dropping out or just lying low, to be a free man even in an unfree world. I'm not convinced this is possible, and neither are many of the writers; thus LF tends to contain a lot of thoughtful discussion about what one person can do.

*****

THE JOURNAL OF BORDERLAND RESEARCH Vol. XXXIX, #4 ($2.50 from BSRF, PO Box 549, Vista, CA 92083): "This is a non-profit organization of people who take an active interest in unusual happenings along the borderland between the visible and invisible worlds." I <u>think</u> they're serious. Topics in the current issue include Psychic messages, "Pendulum analysis of the Energy Fields of the Human Body" and UFO contacts. There could be something to all this, but I'm not sure what it is.

*****

"I disagree with you on several points. I don't think Ludlum or Forsyth are masters of their genre at all. I guess I prefer the English spies 100%...the masters are Le Carre, Deighton, Ambler and Greene." Well, you see, I can only compare to what I know, and I've never read any Le Carre or Greene. Deighton and Ambler leave me cold--I prefer the more convoluted plots over the well-drawn characters and atmosphere.

HOMESTEADERS NEWS #38 ($1.50 from Sherrie & Norm Lee, Naples, NY 14512): This one is for people who are sick and tired of reading about self-liberation and want to do something about it. Sell the house, move to the country, and support yourself. Of course it's not that easy, but the News looks like a great help in any such endeavor. From farming to cooking to building houses to solar power, Sherrie & Norm talk about their own experiences in living with the land and offer much advice for the beginner. This issue there was a special section on naturopathic medicine. I don't agree with all the ideas behind naturopathy, but it's still interesting stuff.

*****

THUDPUCKER No. 11 ($1 from Ron Ahrens, PO Box 61272, Fairbanks, AK 99706): Yes, there is life in Alaska, and it writes very strange stories indeed. I'm not sure what an intelligent reviewer would say about a story concerning a beagle misplaced during the evacuation of people to the Planet Omaha, but this reviewer laughed until he fell off his chair.

*****

THE BIBLIOFANTASIAC ($4.50/year from Channel 53 Productions, 802 Pape Ave., Toronto, Ontario M4K 3S7, CANADA): A quiet little fanzine featuring short stories, book reviews, dream fragments and humour from the resident canine editor, Fido Dogstoevski. This one is definite prrof that intelligent life exists in the Great White North. While the stories may not be up to pro standards, they are quite enjoyable, with the exception of the seemingly-unavoidable clunker per issue--which, after all, you find even in the prozines.

*****

INSIDE JOKE #24 ($1 from Elayne Wechsler, PO Box 1609, Madison Square Station, New York, NY 10159): My favorite newsletter of comedy and creativity is still going strong even though Elayne, in what can only be a fit of madness, has seen fit to make me one of the staff writers. Nowhere else are you going to get more pages of reduced type and crammed-in illos. The layout may sometimes be unesthetic, but it's never boring. The columns and stories usually tickle my fancy too, even though many of them adress such arcana as the Firesign Theatre or New Wave records. Buy this.

*****

OVERTHROW Vol. 5 #2 ($1 from YIP/Overthrow, PO Box 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013): Believe it or not, the Yippies are still around and still publishing a tabloid. Some things never change--coverage this time around includes nasty cracks about the current crop of presidential candidates and glowing reports on the benefits of smoking dope. For their latest conspiracy theory, they've been talking to European activists, and now postulate that the US DEA is responsible for most of the heroin traffic in the world. That's right, the government pushes heroin, because that way they keep the kids off of friendly drugs like pot, and have an excuse for more funds to crack down with.

*****

"FACTSHEET FIVE proved to be a compendium of interesting sources and markets (I'm a dadaist from cowboy land) which I couldn't have found in a month of Sundays." Good. That's what it's supposed to be. I just hope people will do me the favor of mentioning FF when they write to the Mutants mentioned herein. That way they'll be encouraged to keep in touch with me.

Let's hear a little more from J. C. Brainbeau, shall we?

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I'll add two issues to the FF subscription to the first person who comes up with a convincing explanation of what this is all about.

*****

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY Vol. 14 #8 ($8/year from SIL, PO Box 1147, Warminster, PA 18974): This issue is mostly taken up by an article titled "A Case Against Unilateral Nuclear Disarmament, by Frank Bubb. ALthough I disagree with his conclusions, the analysis is interesting, and one of the few attempts I've seen to deal with the problem of nukes in a libertarian fashion.

*****

THE AMERICAN RATIONALIST, June-Aug. 1983 ($1 from 2001 St. Clair Ave, St. Louis, MO 63144): This one is for all you atheists out there (if any). The main thrust of this one is direct attacks on theism of all sorts, most often by means of satirical, nasty mudslinging. Whether the mud is deserved or not, it somehow seems a childish approach to me. They also run a book service which carries a wide variety of items at reasonable prices.

*****

OCTAGRAM #2 (25 cents from 652 Cranbrook Rd. #3, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013): I know I've seen some of you guys reading science fiction when you thought I wasn't watching. This zine consists of book reviews, mostly of SF but wandering off into the fantasy genre as well. The publisher, Maia Cowan, has a nice writing style and does excellent reviews.

BLUFF! #2 ($2 from C.P. 95, Stn. Place d'Armes, Montreal, Quebec, H2Y 3E9): A French & English journal of international left libertarianism which comes out every now and then. Some stuff appears in both languages, some in just one, with occasional intrusions in Greek and whatever, but there is always something to read no matter who one is. Supports a variety of activist causes and tries to talk to as many sects on the left as is possible.

*****

AGAINST THE WALL, Vol. 12, #1 ($1.50 from PO Box 444, Westfield, NJ 07091): These people are involved with the Libertarian Party but nonetheless I think they're OK. Articles cover everything from the LP platform to How to Fix the Economy to alerts about upcoming repressive legislation. The graphics are excellent and there is the occasional short story putting forth libertarian principles. Try an issue or two.

*****

THE PORCUPINE, Vol. 4 No. 2 (SASE (I guess), from the Montana Libertarian Party, Box 7272, Missoula, Montana 59807): Another state libertarian party newsletter, this one is split about 50-50 between news of local importance and wider topics. The main article is sort of a wandering talk from the Montana LP chairman, discussing their past and plans for the future. Apparently the state LP there hs, in some fashion, "decentralized". It's an interesting idea, even if I don't quite understand what they mean by it.

*****

"Ahhhhh...THE REVOLUTION...I have been shouting from rooftops for some time that it is nigh...fools do not listen ...fools do not see...it must come & I am not at all certain I wish to be a witness although it would seem I am witnessing already, be it unwilling or no." Well, Doc, I'd agree with you that there is some sort of revolution due in the near future, as the current System seems to be stretching to its limits. How violent it will be, where it will originiate, and what the end result will be I have no idea, but I expect to be living in a drastically different world before I die.

*****

FORCED EXPOSURE #6 ($1.50 from 76 Bromfield St., Watertown, MA 02172): The punk rockers seem to have finally tracked me down. This is a very pro-looking fanzine, loaded with interviews and reviews. Their political commentary manages to sneer at both the Yippees and the Revolutionary Communist Party so I guess the punks can't be as dumb as some folks think. Worth getting just to read the names of all these strange new bands.

*****

"I enjoy FACTSHEET very much, and wish you continued success with it. (I know the ups and downs of small publications, but feel that if you continue on the road you're travelling--a unique one--you should pick up a good following...)" Yes, Cliff, that does seem to be happening. The last few weeks have seen a steady flow of requests for sample copies come in, so I'm fairly optimistic that FF will keep going.

CIRCLE (A) IN ATLANTA ($1 from PO Box 77326, Atlanta, GA 30309): The "$1" part is just my guess as to what you should send to defray expenses for this anarchist roundtable, as they don't list a price and would probably let you have it for less. Circle A covers happenings of interests to anarchists in the South in general and Atlanta in particular. Though I don't agree with some of their philosophy--notably their attitude towards nuculer power--I do appreciate their reporting, which is a blend of original articles with reprints from both the anarchist and establishment presses. The current hot topic is the Board of Education refusal to let members of the Atlanta Peace Alliance distribute literature during school carreer days.

*****

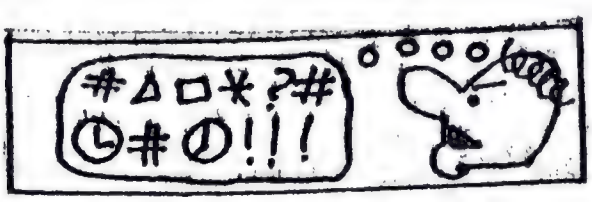
"...Was particularly fond of your review of SNOWY EGRET, a magazine that has steadfastly refused to publish my poetry over the past several years (phooey phooey on them)...I ought to mention, though, that I believe STROKER 23 has suspended publication...this is old info, though, so it might not be accurate." Well, Anni, accurate or not you won't be seeing any more reviews of that magazine here, because they didn't respond at all to my offer to trade publications. That's the way it goes--I can get plenty of stuff in trade for FF, I don't need to buy the zines that think they're better than this one.

*****

THE DROOD REVIEW OF MYSTERY ($9/year from Box 8872, Boston, MA 02114): This is a wonderful article devoted to mystery and thriller books and other media. I'd say that even if the lead article in the latest issue wasn't mine (which it is). Drood has gone to typeset with this issue, and it's a great improvement, enough to make FF hang its head in shame. The reviews in general are very well done, rather than all sounding the same, which is a problem some review zines have. There is also a sizable chunk of news about forthcoming books and so on in this issue. Mystery fans, get this one.

*****

BEATNIKS FROM SPACE #4 ($2 from neither/nor, Box 8043, Ann Arbor, Mich., 48107): I know I already reviewed one zine from these "jackass outlaw publishers", but this came just as I was finishing this FF and I thought it should be included. BFS this time around is almost a newspaper, at least it's newspaper size but printed on slick white paper. The articles, essays, comics, poems and pictures are as non-linear as anything I've ever seen published, and guaranteed to cause either deep thought or banging of one's head against the wall (which may, come to think of it, be the same thing for some folks). If you're a beat, or a dadaist, or just Confused, you owe it to yourself to make things worse by buying this.



Naked man arrested during ritual in tunnel

BALTIMORE (AP) — A naked man whose body was painted a glowing white and who danced around the flaming, decomposed dog carcass has been charged with trespassing, police said Monday.

Michael F. Tolson, 30, was arrested early Sunday after police raided a Chessie System railroad tunnel and saw him performing before a crowd of about 35 people, police Lt. William Pritchett said.

One observer said the ritual was an exercise of a group called the "Church of Subgenius."

Monty Candsin, a 33-year-old Montreal artist who said he was in town for the church's convention, described the group as a "bogus religion," offering "a kind of lunatic prophecy for the coming future for the next 20 years."

Police conducted the raid after a Chessie System police officer heard the sound of thunder rumbling from underground about 3:40 a.m. Sunday, Pritchett said. As several city and railroad police walked into the tunnel, they saw a dead animal swinging from the ceiling to the rhythm of the thunder crashes produced by the clanging of metal, Pritchett said.

The painted man was dancing around the animal, which had two glowing green horns and had been set afire, Pritchett said. The animal — which Candsin said was a decomposed dog found in the tunnel — was then beaten with a club by the "extremely wild" man, according to a police report.

Man caught in kite dies

LONG BEACH, Wash. – A college student became tangled in the line of a huge kite yesterday and was hoisted 100 feet into the air before plunging to his death, officials said. Steve Edleken, 20, of Venice, Calif., was part of the Edmonds Community College Kite Team attempting to launch a 115-foot-by-124-foot parafoil kite to set a record for world's largest kite, said school spokeswoman Darlene Smolen. "Parafoil kites have many bridle lines, said Smolen, who witnessed the accident. "His ankle got tangled in the line. It pulled him up in the air. He pulled himself up and got free and held on the line, but he couldn't hold on." (AP)

Did you know that there *IS* a Heaven, and that you *CAN BUY* your way into it?

J. R. "Bob" Dobbs
Dobbs Ec. 67

The SubGenius Foundation
Box 140306, Dallas, TX
75214

Self-Reliance Tips
from HOMESTEADERS NEWS
NAPLES, NY 14512

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15 STEPS TO HEALTHY LIVING

The U.S. Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs said that sensible eating by Americans would result in:

70% reduction in obesity;
50% reduction in dental health bills;
25% reduction in heart disease;
20% reduction in respiratory disease;
20% reduction in kidney disease & stones;
20% reduction in blindness;
10% reduction in mental health disability.

Our health is our wealth; we're impoverished inasmuch as we ignore healthy habits. Here are fifteen steps to healthy/wealthy living:

1. Grow sprouts and include them in soups, salads, and sandwiches. They're loaded with vitamins.
2. Grow your own vegetables and eat them fresh, and raw or steamed.
3. Double or triple fruit intake. Use nuts, seeds, and fruit for snacks. Cut out junk foods.
4. Substitute cheese for meat. Start by reducing to chicken & fish for meat, then cut out the chicken. Then the fish.
5. Eat whole grains: popcorn, wheat cereals, brown rice.
6. Eat yogurt and tofu.
7. Cut out salt, sugar, and white flour, the "three white poisons".
8. Eat homemade cornbread; cut out store bread with its additives and white flour.
9. Grow an herb garden--use for tea, food flavouring, and medicine.
10. Return to the garden all that came from it by composting and mulching.
11. Grow rose hips, use them for vitamin C.
12. Use no chemicals or pesticides on the garden.
13. Use no drugs, including tobacco, coffee, and aspirin.
14. Eat when hungry, rest when fatigued, work in the garden daily for exercise.
15. Trade the TV for a guitar, banjo, fiddle, or mandolin. TV creates dissatisfaction; homemade bluegrass music soothes the soul.

A HOME FOR LESS THAN $1000

Cordwood masonry homes and barns were being built in New England and Eastern Canada during the 1700s as a cheap and warm way to shelter people and livestock. Some of them are still standing today, a testimonial to their lasting characteristic.

The cordwood cabin is far warmer, more easily maintained, and easier and safer to construct, than a log cabin. (We built one near Addison, NY a few years ago with the help of a group of men, women and children. All participated, and we had a grand old time putting the cabin up in two weekends.)

In cordwood building, you can use any cheap tree that isn't useful for anything else. The main thing is to make sure it is well-seasoned, so there isn't shrinkage later on. The logs are cut into, say, 14-inch lengths after the bark is peeled. Then the short lengths are stacked up with a 4" or 5" bead of well-limed mortar mixed with sawdust at each end. The 6" or so space left between the beads is filled with insulation material. The wall is built on a foundation, of course, so it won't heave with the winter frost.

Most folks looking at this wall will see a stack of cordwood held together by mortar. For our purposes, we should see it as <u>two</u> cement walls connected by blocks of wood. The inside wall is the warm one, holding the heat from the fire, while the outside masonry wall is the cold one, holding back the winter. The insulation insures that very little heat will pass. So as long as you keep the door closed and there are no leaks, you should stay warm all night even if the fire goes out.

In the summertime what was the heat sink (the inside wall) now becomes the <u>cold</u> sink, keeping things cool inside while the outside wall is being baked by the sun. Thus you have comfortable living conditions that far surpass what a log cabin or conventional frame cabin offers.

When cordwood owner-builders are challenged with, "But it won't last as long as a frame house or a stone house," they answer, "Right. It will last for two hundred years, at which time we can build another one just as cheaply and easily."

For more sources of information on healthy living and inexpensive building methods, send your name and address to HOMESTEADERS NEWS, ST13/16, Naples, NY 14512. Please mention the name of the publication you are now reading.

BASEBALL, HOT DOGS, CAPTAIN AMERICA & ME

by Robert Gillie

Another sunny Tuesday out here on the perimeter, just a few short hours before the first game of the World Series. A perfect chance to wander down to the neighborhood comic store, pick up a few of whatever looks intriguing, buy a coca-cola and some fritos, and stretch out under a tree in Ho Chi Minh Park and forget about James Watt and the war in Lebanon and the schools going bankrupt. Wasn't it Jubal Harshaw who said something about how it was really unnatural to wallow in the problems of five billion people all the time?

It is a perfect opportunity to do all that, butthe brutal reality is that I have another deadline to meet and another column to write, type and mail. The gods know that Our Aeditor could probably put together a column for me by carefully culling my sage opinions from the numerous letters I have plagued him with these last months, allowing me to spend a peaceful afternoon preparing to root mightily against the Orioles. But no. Our Aeditor (in His Wisdom) has cleverly begun putting a letters column in, no doubt with the very intent to deprive me of that particular excuse. So, even though the trees in Ho Chi Minh Park are calling my name, I must sit me down to my writing desk and produce!

Last time I mentioned that I would talk about why I don't like DC Comics no matter how hard I try to like them. They are responsible for Superman and Batman and a veritable horde of other costumed types, after all, and anyone who likes baseball and fritos and Thomas Paine as much as I do surely must be fond of Superman, right? Not really. I am fond of Superman, but he is woefully invincible. In order to create any sort of interesting story, they have to come up with some means of depriving the Man of Steel of his superhuman powers (usually involving some multi-colored form of kryptonite), and it does get tedious. As someone once put it, "When you can punch through a mountain with your head, you don't have to think." There are a whole bunch of other guys, but personally I cannot take anyone named "Element Lad" or "Sun Boy" seriously--much less can I tell them apart.

Let us take a momentary look at DC's Teen Titans, a series chronicling the adventures of a bunch of teen-age superheroes. Some are human and some are not--as far as I can tell, none of them are "mutants" in the Marvel Comics sense of the word. For the most part they seem to be either amazingly healthy and athletic young folks or humanoid aliens with neat abilities: Raven is an empath and a healer, Koriand'r some sort of golden-skinned, well-endowed, multi-talented extra-terrestrial princess (why are they always princesses? I would love to see some alien proletarians as the heroes of a comic book for once), and so on. Batman's cheerful sidekick Robin is the nominal leader of the group.

While similar in concept to all the other "leagues" of superheroes hanging around these days, the Teen Titans are different in that they are young and fairly rambunctious. This is good potential, but when compared to the X-Men or the Avengers or especially the New Mutants (Marvel's gang of teen-age mutants) the Teen Titans just don't measure up. They don't achieve the same level of reality. They may risk their lives for one another, but you get the strong impression from their dialogue that they really don't care for one another, and so it's that much more difficult to care about them yourself. Given a choice between a dozen issues of Teen Titans and one of The New Mutants, I'll take the latter without reserve.

There is also the difference in the general settings of DC Comics and Marvel Comics. The DC universe is a confusing set of parallel earths, with a lot of time travel thrown in just to make it more unclear. A lot of action takes place in those two great mythical cities, Metropolis and Gotham City. Of course, these two are basically the same as New York, but a realistic setting is not very important to the DC storylines.

The Marvel universe, however, is just one step over from our own. Characters eat hamburgers and fries in the Burger King in the Port Authority Building on 42nd Street in New York City just like I've done a couple of times, and the graffiti on the walls talks about U2 and Duran Duran just like it does everywhere. The New Mutants have fallen into the habit of watching Magnum, P.I., and Jean Grey--formerly Dark Phoenix--is buried in the cemetary of St. Stephen's at Bard College on the Hudson. President Reagan was even rescued by the Avengers a few months ago.

It is that effort towards realism that makes Marvel an essentially more attractive--though still far from ideal or failure free--comics publisher than DC. Earlier this year there was a minor stir in the media because DC had done an issue of The Teen Titans about drug abuse for the government, but Marvel has been dealing--not always perfectly--with drug abuse for some time, as well as other issues like child abuse, vigilante groups, and racial prejudice.

Marvel is far from ideal--but fortunately there are the minor publishers as well; First Comics (publishers of the excellent American Flagg), Pacific Comics (currently producing an amazingly faithful adaptation of the Elric stories of Michael Moorcock) and WaRP Graphics (creators of Elfquest and the soon-to-appear science fantasy A Different Soil, which looks very promising). Let's have a look at some of these creations in more detail.

Looking back for the moment at X-Men, a Marvel series reviewed last time, the crisis over the re-appearance of Dark Phoenix has been resolved and currently everyone is at loose ends and wandering all over the world. There has been a change in artists recently and I'm not so certain I like what the new bunch is doing. The art in the last issue (#177) particularly was very crude. There is also some problem with the plot, but possibly this will change in the near future. Actually, many of Marvel's series seem to be suffering from crises in plotting recently, particularly Iron Man and The Avengers.

Fortunately free from these problems is The Mighty Thor. Walter Simonson took over both the story and the art in #337 and since then the trials and tribulations of this Norse thunder deity have taken on new and delightful aspects. The artwork is astonishing--very dense and beautifully, lovingly drawn--and the saga of Thor's initial conflict with Beta Ray Bill and their subsequent alliance is probably the best current storyline in the entire Marvel universe. Asgard has never been more believeable, and Odin's hats never more absurd.

Recently completed is the Marvel mini-series Cloak and Dagger. Unfortunately this mini-series was not overly successful, though the artwork was of very high caliber (Bill Leonardi and Terry Austin) and the detail in the backgrounds was also well done. We were told the tragic tale of Cloak and Dagger's creation through some strange drug--and we were told that very well, no denying it--but unfortunately the larger issues of their vigilante activities and Cloak's ofttimes all-consuming hunger for light were not completely dealt with. The issue of vigilantism has been a common one recently in various Marvel books--the various Spiderman series, for example, as well as Cloak and Dagger--and it is a valid issue, both for our times and for the peculiar situation of crime-fighting superheroes. So far it has not gone much furtherthan some soul-searching on the part of various superheroes and some sermonizing by J. Jonah Jameson, but then if Spiderman were to decide that his crime fighting activities were immoral and illegal and that he should leave all that stuff to the police, his series would come to an end very quickly. It is an interesting question, though, and one I hope that the writers of Cloak and Dagger pursue. Also left unanswered wasthe question, "How does Dagger stay inside that costume anyway?" It must be a special property of female superheroes that the most preposterous costumes stay on no matter what happens.

Keeping on that topic of preposterous costumes, let us move on to American Flagg (published by First Comics). The third and fourth issues have appeared--the fifth is due to come out at any minute--and creator/writer/artist Howard Chaykin has shown his ability to put together the most interesting styles of clothing as well as a fascinating and complex plot. We discover more about the United States of the 21st century, and are introduced to representatives of that century's new superpowers: the Brasilian Union of the Americas, an extremely right-wing conservative Latin American empire, and the Pan African League, a very left-wing empire, young and hungry (there may be a political statement in the fact that the representatives of these two nations talk, dress, and act fairly much alike). We are also introduced to the rightful King of England (cleverly named William, and close to the right age) --Great Britian in these times being a penny-ante people's republic constantly at war with Ireland and backed by the Pan Africans. Plot complications abound--with terrorists, basketball players, diplomats, Canadians, spies and assassins filling the pages of this clever and intricately plotted story. Reuben

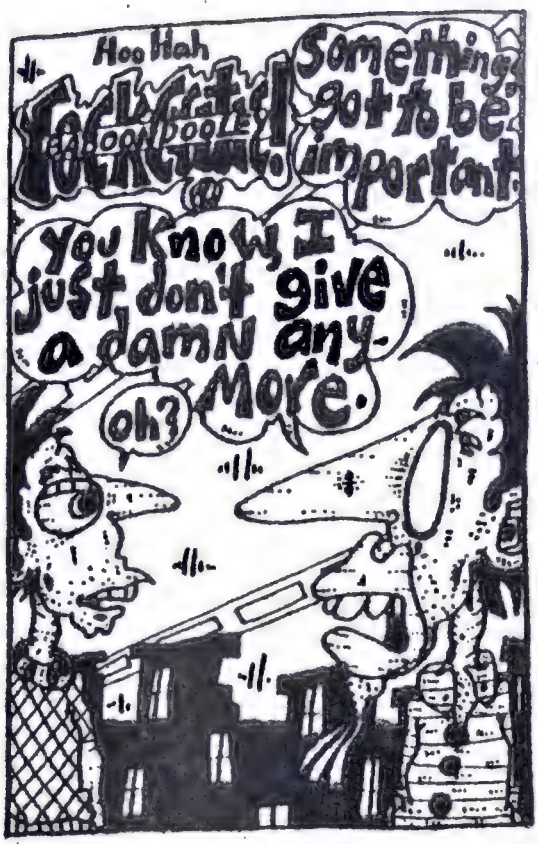
Flagg and faithful sidekick/talking cat Raul continue to amaze, as does Chaykin. More puns, too: "Ambassador Deutsche-Marx" still making me groan and smile.

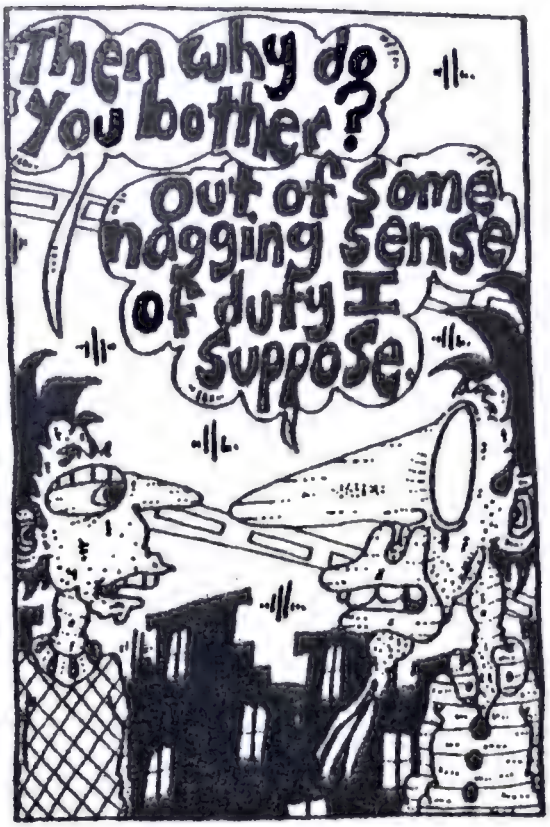
Skipping back to Marvel for a minute, I'd like to briefly comment on Magik. This new mini-series concerns the adventures of two of the X-Men, Storm (Ororo Munroe) and Ariel (Kitty Pryde), and Illyana Rasputin, younger suster of Pyotr Rasputin (Colossus) (also an X-Man), in Limbo, avoiding demons and trying to prevent little Illyana from falling into the clutches of the Demon Lord Belasco, who intends to do nasty things with the little girl. It's especially intriguing because we know the end already--or, at least we know part of it--but this Limbo is a timeless place of alternate pasts and futures, and so perhaps we don't know anything at all. The artwork is only adequate, but the story is good and I'm not certain of anything anymore.

That's about it for this time, friends, as the game has been going on an inning and a half now and time's-a-wastin'. Anyway, I'll return next time with more sage advice and profound opinions, or at least the usual load of bilge.

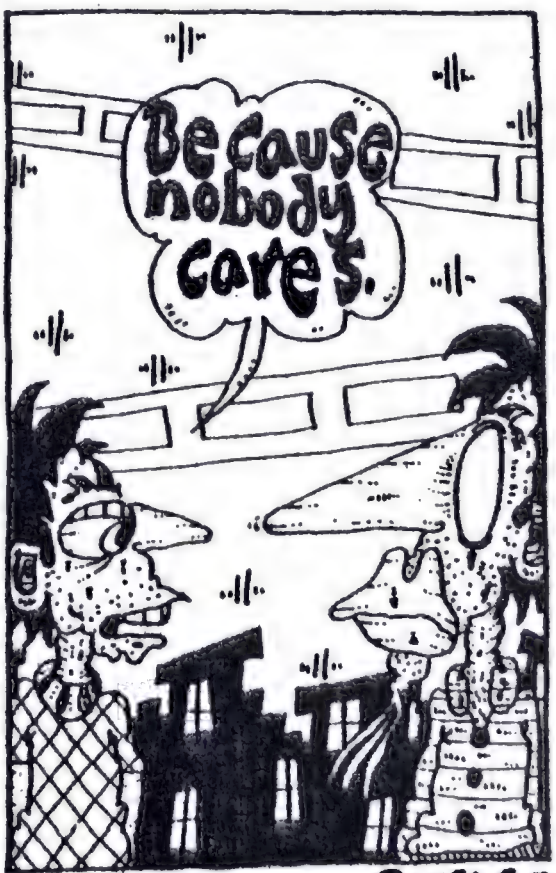
I now return control of this publication to the Aeditor, until next time, when I might even talk about my relationship with Captain America and why I like him even though he persists in wearing those ridiculous little wings on his head.

((AEditorial Intrusion: Robert mentions the letter column I ran last time. The more astute of you have probably noticed by now that there is not a similar column in this issue. What happened was that I ran out of space, what with taking on a new columnist, and trying to review everything my mailman delivers but the K-Mart ads. I'll continue sneaking snippets of letters in amongst the reviews, but barring some really exceptional writing, I won't be publishing more full-page letters.))


Hoo Hah
Something got to be important.
You know I just don't give a damN any-more.
oh?


Then why do you bother?
Out of some nagging sense of duty I suppose.

Well then you shouldn't worry yourself about it Baboon.
why is that?


Because nobody cares.
©J CRAWFORD

PENNED IN

by Shane Williams

This ish it's time to categorize and label. My wife says that's one of the things she hates about Californians--they always have to label things. I will admit that in LA (my home town) sectarianism runs rampant, but I have noticed the tendency for the appelation of labels by just about anyone and everyone who consistently discusses music.

So here's my subjective system of labeling, as a guide for those of you who are "into" labels.

PUNK ROCK: The basic variety can be associated with the RAMONES or the SEX PISTOLS. Since the RAMONES kind of stood alone in comparison to the vast wave of bands spawned by the SEX PISTOLS let's say that Punk Rock refers mainly to 76/77 English bands and those that still sound a lot like them. The original bands included the PISTOLS, the CLASH (who no longer qualify in my book), THE DAMNED (who no longer qualify), and a slew of other bands, some of whom are still around sounding pretty much the same like the U.K. SUBS--also hundreds of American bands use the SEX PISTOLS as a musical role model the same way the PISTOLS used the N.Y. DOLLS.

THRASH: This is a generic term for super-fast punk rock bands, often composed of young members who often sound a lot like each other. Either you like this kind of thing or you don't. Just as punk rock was speeded up and angrier and raunchier than glitter rock, Thrash is all of those things to plain punk. It's often done with political lyrics but there is a sub-genre of bands called SKATE bands who are more into the sound effects for skating and/or slamming (modern dance) than social commentary.

Then there are HARDCORE bands--both Punk and Thrash bands can be subsumed into hardcore punk if they're uncompromising and intense. Even bands like BLACK FLAG who no longer play every song at record speed are always hardcore--they practically define the genre. Hardcore is a positive adjective to me, defining the groups that really mean it even if they incorporate some musical tastes that are more flash than thrash--say, SOCIAL DISTORTION for example.

Which brings us to what is not hardcore, like NEW WAVE for example. At one time Punk and New Wave were used almost interchangeably. Then for a while I associated New Wave with POWER POP: jangly bright bands with somgs about love and stuff. Nowadays I guess New Wave is anyone who came on the music scene after the GLITTER ERA ended in '75 and who has a modicum of success and doesn't fit neatly into any other category. Groups like the CARS and the POLICE are archetypal New Wave bands, while other New Wave groups like the TALKING HEADS and the B-52S and DEVO don't fit so neatly under that aegis anymore.

For a while there was some talk about the NEW ROMANTICS. This was a splinter group easily pinpointed if you read English

music papers to what came out of just a couple of London clubs. Musically they used musicians formally known in bands like MAGAZINE and ULTRAVOX and thus had Progressive Rock and Punk music in with Disco rhythms. But their real determinant was fashion and an anti-punk outlook (whatever that is). That faded fast into a slew of DANCE bands, some of whom are the leftovers from the NEW ROMANTICS like SPANDAU BALLET and some of whom are Gloom bands who've added a funk or disco beat.

The GLOOM bands were represented by JOY DIVISION and the FACTORY label (record label in this case) and then the 4AD record label. They were often slow instead of fast with depressively angry instead of manically angry lyrics. Most of the groups from that mold have lightened their approach at least a little and now the heaviest, gloomiest, dirge-iest sound around is so-called POSITIVE PUNK, which means Punk bands who aren't "oi" bands, who don't just thrash or slogan but who are doomsayers while remaining somehow positive.

I hope everybody is confused because that's not the half of it yet. There are TECHNO-POP bands who were Progressive Punk at one time like ULTRAVOX, and bands who are gloomy but uncategorizable like the BIRTHDAY PARTY. Then in America you have HORROR ROCK like the MISFITS, they're hardcore to the max but in costume, and 45GRAVE who are constantly shifting style but most easily listed as Horror Punk. There are the PSYCHEDELIC bands like DREAM SYNDICATE and 30'CLOCK who are still pretty Punky but hark back to older rock bands and the English Psychedlic bands who are more gloomy like ECHO and the BUNNYMEN. A big category all in itself is INDUSTRIAL-STRENGTH music: the noise of electronically-oriented bands who follow in the footsteps of Cage and Stockhausen but incorporate gloom and horror into their ambience, groups like THROBBING GRISTLE (now defunct), SPK and COME ORG. There is the AMBIENT music of ENO and the others on his Ambient label which is soothing but just as adventurous as the Industrial Strength. And there is PUNKABILLY, and REGGAE and SKA influenced bands and the socalled PUNKFUNK that is black music just using Punk as an adjective but which is unrelated aurally to the rest.

There are just so many labels nowadays that they're not much use to anyone but critics and people who choose to write about music like me. Some groups fancy themselves as POST-PUNK or SYNTH-ROCK or just NEW MUSIC--where will it all end? In a million more labels and thus a million more sounds if I have anything to say about it. There's already a group (now disbanded) called 100 FLOWERS in honor of Mao's injunction that the arts should bloom. Well, I don't know what Mao ever did for punk rock and I'm not really all that interested in finding out--but I love this blooming rock-and-roll, don't you?

BANDS TO LISTEN TO:

BIRTHDAY PARTY	RF7	JOHN FOXX
THE CURE	BLACK FLAG	SPK
$%GRAVE	MINOR THREAT	SOUTHERN DEATH
THE FLESHEATERS	MARCH VIOLETS	DREAM SYNDICATE
SOCIAL DISTORTION	COCTEAU TWINS	VIRGIN PRUNES

A SHORT DISCUSSION OF WHAT'S HIP

Is there no sympathy in the world today for the misunderstood young man of genius and vision?
I hold in my hand the secret of happiness for all mankind - the utopian dream!!
All thought here in my mind, the world our days, the universe, all time now crystallized into this one great truth..
absolutely no body wants to hear it!
"I know" thinks Baboon, I'll make believe I'm a Tugboat!"
BOOP! BOOP!!
©JCRAWFORD

STARS ON ONE

by Anni Ackner

Having reached, through no real effort on my part, the somewhat staggering age of 30, I find that, these days, very few things actually surprise me. The ways of the world, for good or ill, do not surprise me. The foibles of most of the people that I encounter do not surprise me, nor, more positively, do their occasional flashes of humanity and compassion. Even James Watt didn't really surprise me, although he certainly tried like a little trooper. Therefore, it was very nearly a pleasant sensation--in the same way that I imagine jumping from a high diving board can be a pleasant sensation until one realizes that someone's over-zealous gardener has drained the pool in order to rescue a rare species of arbutus that has somehow blown into the deep end--when, a couple of weeks ago, I gave myself quite an awesome surprise indeed by becoming moderately ill.

Now, you must understand that I am not normally the sort of person who becomes moderately ill. I am normally the sort of person who walks about being hale and hearty and blooming with health, and nauseating everyone in the vicinity who's had the good sense to come down with a cold or, conversely, I am normally the sort of person who is in the hospital, yellow with jaundice and shaking with fever, really unattractive tubes running out of her nose and mouth. Moderation is not a skill I have ever mastered, either as it pertains to questionable habits, riotous living or ill-health, so believe me when I say that it was truly a surprise to find myself lying in bed at home, having a deep, meaningful relationship with a box of kleenex, and guzzling chicken soup and cough syrup with just about equal enthusiasm.

Honestly, I was completely at a loss. What does one do with oneself, in between fits of sneezing and getting out of bed to complain to the rest of the household about how wretched one feels, when one is moderately ill? Having had no experience with matters of this nature, I was forced to play the entire thing by ear, as it were, and it was most uncomfortable for me, my unease helped along not at all by the highly unsympathetic giggles, chuckles and outright belly laughs that greeted me whenever I turned to anyone else for advice (people once forced to take to their beds while you're cheerfully off to a nice dinner party have ridiculously long memories, I find). It was obvious to me from the start that I couldn't just lie there staring at the ceiling--well, I suppose I could have, at that, but such behaviour tends, in my case, to lead to faintly illicit thoughts concerning Swedish men and the uses thereof, thoughts that are especially frustrating when one is afflicted with a swollen nose and watering eyes--but what were my alternatives? Reading was out--books about healthy, happy

people were amazingly depressing, while those about the sick caused me to wonder why nobody was writing a book about ME--backgammon requires two people and the only time anyone approached my sickroom was to gloat; I've never cared for crossword puzzles; listening to music was passive and seemed to lead inevitably to staring at the ceiling thinking about Swedish men, and the one time I ever attempted to knit something I managed, though I'm still not quite sure how, to tie the door firmly shut and almost fatally strangle my room-mate's cat. This, I decided after some deliberation and three or four hours spent trying to get a particularly recalcitrent piece of cotton out of a bottle of aspirin, left me with television.

For those who have never spent any amount of time watching it, let me state right at the start that the primary purpose of daytime television--and this is decidedly Machievellian, apparently entered into by the combined forces of the FCC and the large business interests of the United States--is to bore people to such an extent that they will recover their health in self-defense and go back to work and watching night time television, where they belong. There are, to begin with, the soap operas, which can only be followed by someone with a lot of time on his/her hands--an obvious attempt by the powers that be to separate shut-ins, night school students and women who have chosen to become housewives from the rest of us by giving them an entire sub-culture inaccesible to the world at large and therefore causing alienation and its attendent strife--and there are movies but, while prime time and late night movies tend usually to be either very good or very bad, and in either case maintain a certain amount of interest or amusement because of it, movies shown during the day are, almost without exception, mediocre, causing yawns, irritability and bewilderment as to how Burt Lancaster ever allowed himself to be talked into this. The rest, were it not so structured, could only be called confusion.

Daytime television which cannot be categorized as soap operas or movies (and it is startling just how many programmes shown during the day can be classed as both) may be divided into three basic groupings: Game shows, re-runs and miscellaneous. These in turn may be broken down into various sub-sections of a number and complexity comparable only to the varieties of special interest groups beseeching a Midwestern congressman at any given point in time.

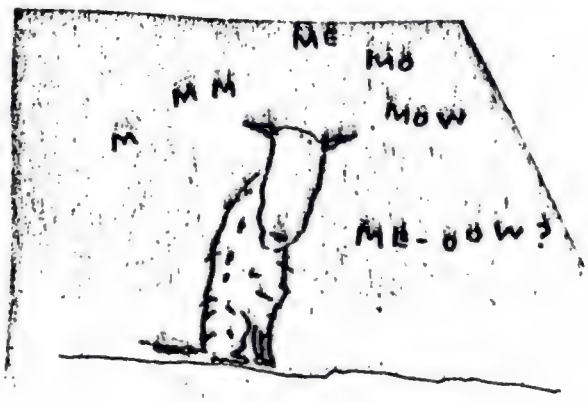
GAME SHOWS, for instance, may be divided into three specific and sharply defined kinds: Those that involve celebrities bound and determined to embarass themselves in public in the name of charity; those the involve Real People Like You and Me bound and determined to embarass themselves in public for the sake of many valuable prizes from the Spiegel catalog, and those that involve celebrities in concert with Real People Like You and Me bound and determined to embarass themselves in public for any number of reasons, none of them immediately discernable. All sub-sections are presided

over by one or another of an elite group of Hosts (there has never, to the best of my knowledge, been a game show hostess, possibly because no one has yet thought to manufacture a narrow-lapeled, double-breasted tan polyester suit tailored to fit a woman's slighter bone structure), all of whom bear a grim resemblance to that boy in your junior high school class who always volunteered to run the projector during the G.O. movies, and all sub-sections follow a strict set of rules pertaining to contestants, i.e. celebrities must not have become celebrities because they have actually done something celebrated (Mick Jagger, Paul Newman, Mr. Smith) but must have become celebrities simply because they are celebrities (Zsa Zsa Gabor, Paul Lynde, Rubin Askew), and Real People Like You and Me must be pert, bubbly, excitable, not so stupid as to set about cutting their toenails while on camera, but not so intelligent as to be absolutely sure that Studs Terkel is a writer and not a dish popular at French restaurants in Chicago. Aside from these provisos, however, anything goes, and it is not at all uncommon to see otherwise theorectically normal adults attempting to solve gigantic crossword puzzles, acting out charades of the sort that begin "There once was a girl from Nantucket", and reciting, with frightening aplomb, the details of the first night spent in a $10 motel with their prospective mates, all in pursuit of a four piece living room set slipcovered in Autumn Gold. It is, I think, not irrelevant to note that no one who has never been connected in any way with a game show has ever seen a Spiegel catalog.

RERUNS, to continue, are any programmes originally seen in prime time, which have been syndicated and sold to the many so-called "independent" stations that dot the countryside ("independent" here being used in more or less the same context as is "free" when referring to elections in small, South American nations). They may be as expected as THE LOVE BOAT or I LOVE LUCY or as antic as YOU BET YOUR LIFE (which is also, by the way, a GAME SHOW, and perhaps the only one ever to make effective use of a duck with a mustache), but they have in common the ability to cause in the moderately ill viewer the sensation that he or she has dozed off momentarily and missed some vital link to the plot. One theory regarding this phenomenon hold that it is due to the cutting of the original programme in order to make room for an added 30 seconds of John Hausman extolling the many virtues of the Big Mac sandwich, while another holds that there never were any vital links to the plot to begin with; in any case there is not much to be done about this, I've discovered, except to stare at the ceiling and think of Swedish men until it goes away. The most disconcerting facet of RERUNS, however, is their habit of assuming nom de plumes, so that THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW becomes ANDY OF MAYBERRY and REAL PEOPLE becomes MORE REAL PEOPLE and the unwary moderately ill viewer may find him or herself lured into watching something called EXOTIC TROPICAL FANTASIES only to discover that it stars Ricardo Montalban and an abnormally short Frenchman. It does, in such situations, pay one to read the listings in TV GUIDE carefully.

Finally, there is the MISCELLANEOUS grouping, into which is casually tossed anything that isn't one of the other two. This is, of necessity, a broad, variegated category covering such diversities as THE 700 CLUB, in which a black man, a white man and one of several rotating blonde women, all of whom look precisely alike, do their best to explain why God's plan for the world includes sending them large sums of money, THE MAGIC GARDEN, a children's programme during which two women teach a squirrel to say "Hello" in alternating languages (just by coincidence, on the day I happened to tune this in they were working on Swedish, thereby expanding my working vocabulary to include one word that may be safely uttered in mixed company) and THE PHIL DONAHUE SHOW, an adult's programme during which one man teaches a studio audience to say "Rum Dum" in alternating tones of voice. A brief article such as this cannot possibly hope to remark upon all that is available to the moderately ill viewer (THE PEOPLE'S COURT, in which, under the auspices of kindly old Judge Wapner, jes' plain folks struggle to do each other out of small sums of money, SO YOU THINK YOU GOT TROUBLES, in which jes' plain folks discuss their divorces with a ventriloquist's dummy) in this category. Suffice to say, then, that in injudicious use of this grouping may cause the moderately ill viewer to experience feelings of dizziness and displacement roughly akin to those of someone who vaguely remembers reading CHILDHOOD'S END a few years ago accidentally turned loose at a science fiction convention, and not directly attributable to those little white pills you keep telling everyone the doctor perscribed.

I wish I could say that I was strong. I wish I could say that, sick as I so evidently was, I saw through these machinations and stood my ground against them, but unfortunately, I have never been able to fool myself to quite that extent. Somewhere during a viewing of HAPPY DAYS AGAIN I rose shakily from my bed, donned whatever items of clothing were most readily at hand (I'm very much afraid they included my sister's Flashdance sweatshirt), and sped to my office, tearfully pleading to be allowed to type an invoice, placate an angry customer or even run out for the boss' coffee, anything as long as it didn't involve watching Tom Bosley age before my very eyes. I am not, as I said, very easily surprised by anything these days; I can, however, be sometimes very easily shocked.



Canadian Corner

Viva les Differences

by Georges Giguere

So what's it about being Canadian? Not being a yank, I've no idea of the differences. Well, not true. I've noticed little things, like hash oil isn't too big south of the border, paraphenelia sales are sometimes illegal, and good pot has lots of little white crystal virginstears all over it. Better Living Through Selective Chemistry is a factor common to all norteamericanos; it's just that Canada's brawns aren't their own agency like the DEA, they're all Horsemen. Apropos of brawns--it's been bruited about in The Nitpickers' Apa (yes, you guessed it) that if you run away from your car when they stop you, they can't search to car. Ha ha. Here in the little ukraine land of legislated biculturism, "due and sufficient" cause to search & arrest is entirely at the discretion of the officer--bingo, gotcha. These rights violations (or so a bleeding heart would term them) seem to balance out; a guy in a uniform wearing a gun is automatically Trusted to be cool with it here, whereas I've seen a whole lot of cowboys in the states (and, for that matter, in airbases overseas--very ethnic).

Enough with this noise. Next is sex. As an informed an open hetero, I say the action is the same all over the continent. 'Nuff said, except to note that I've heard it's different overseas. One of these days, after I've finished exploring the highways of these countries.

Canadian bands that make it big seem to be all of the headbanger school. This is a Good Thing, gets more people into r&b. This is pointed out best by my observing some of the blues action downtown; lots of Chicago blues bands, people like John Hammond and Amos Garrett, several local bands. The best, so far, is tied down the middle with Mr. Garrett with a Canadian backup band, and David Burgin (Bayrea harpist) & the NiteShades, another Canadian backup band. Still, a good generalization I could make would be that Brit bands (of the concert-hall variety) are pro, calm, cool, & collected; Yank bands are pro, distant, and hyper; and Canuck bands are pro to a degree, loud, and have the "Give'er" mentality.

And I'm living proof that Canadians don't talk different from Americans. Leslie David, infamous anti-Canadian, has gone out of her way to be surprised at my lack of a Canadian accent, and I'm in no way unusual in that respect, anyway. People from Cape Breton talk funny. So do native Alabamans.

Next issue: For-Real Communism: the 1949-1968 Alberta provincial government, first one to show a profit.

((AEditor's note: Don't worry too much if you don't follow some of Georges' idiom. It's all Greek--well, Canajian--to me as well. Perhaps next issue he will favor us with a glossary of Canuckspeak.))

Hullo! I'm your new neighbor . . .

by Roldo

When the enigmatic Gunderloy asked me to do this "Canadian Corner", I was a little confused...it's not a corner, and I'm not a Canadian...but then I remembered that Mikey is even more deliberately schismatic than I am, so I set to wondering about the Next Question: What to DO With It?

One approach seemed to be to present a Non-American view of some Archetypal American Issues. I've written several topics that any TV quiz-show would list along those lines and placed them in a hat. I shall now draw one...ah! "Watergate". O...kay...

I never did manage to follow all that brouhaha while it was happening. Couldn't keep track of all those names, and I never did pay much attention to Politics anyway, its such an obvious scam. If voting could change anything, it's be illegal.

So, it wasn't until I scoped ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN on the toob a while back that I got some idea what all that excitement was about, and not until a few days later still, when I had another of those enigmatic encounters with the arch-paranoid "Bjorn Fnord" (some of which I have published elsewhere --see INSIDE JOKE and CAREFULLY SEDATED) that I got clued in to what actually Happened.

Bjorn--whose real name even I don't know--made one of his sudden midnight appearances at my quiet rural-retreat home, appearing at my window and dressed, for reasons I chose not to inquire about, as an outlaw biker.

He'd picked a bad night. I'd been working on perfecting a new drink, consisting of three parts dark beer and one part amber Tequila which I'd named "The Checkered Demon" in tribute to S. Clay Wilson (a remarkable man and even more remarkable cartoonist), so I was in bizarre shape for whatever trip was about to be laid on me.

Fortunately, I habitually keep a pocket size tape recorder handy for such emergencies, so I snapped the little bugger on and preserved the rap at least as effectively as my organic memory circuits could have. The results will be revealed in due time, either in this column or elsewhere.

When Bjorn had unraveled his latest revelations, I slipped a fresh cassette into the slot and casually enquired, "By the way, man...what do you know about Watergate?"

The result was immediate...even replaying the tape, the hysterical and eldritch laughter evoked from my visitor makes the hair stand up on the back of my neck. I will now transcribe the answer, direct from the tape. Prepare yourselves.

FNORD: "Watergate! The most effective and vicious political game ever played. It was so bloody obvious that no one even noticed what was going on."

ROLDO: "And what was that?"

F: "Well, look at the climate of the times. Even your standard tax-paying, home-and-property android had some idea that the Government...ANY government...was stupid, corrupt, and probably vicious and evil. The more informed minority was quite sure of it. And why not? It's spectacularly true.

"Now, given such a situation, what do you expect a stupid, corrupt, vicious and Evil collection of power-addicts to do? Apologise and clean up their act? Not too fucking likely, right? So all you gotta do to see their next move is remember what their SOP for maintaining power is."

R: "Invoke the Opposite!"

F: "PRE-cisely. You're learning. We'll make a paranoid out of you yet."

R: "Well, being around you always makes me nervous, but don't get your hopes up. It's still easier to believe that you're crazy."

F: "I am, but is it relevant? Anyway...the Boys behind Nixon and the rest of the politicos aren't as dumb as their servants, and when they saw what a first class chance they had to induce general apathy by simply revealing that the stupidity, corruption, viciousness and evil was greater than even the most mindless radical had considered, they simply threw Nixon to the wolves."

R: "You mean they ALLOWED the cover-up to slip out?"

F: "Allowed? Shit, they led Woodward and Bernstein to it like puppies on a leash. C'mon, you must know that these guys don't start a cover-up after an operation...all that's done in advance, just in case. No, the whole 'covert' business was just to get the ball started. Even Nixon must have realized it, near the end. That's what he meant by that "you won't have me to kick around any more" line. He wasn't talking to the media or the public, he was addressing his bosses."

R: "Yow...shit...that does make sense."

F: "Heh heh...don't it though? The radicals figure they've sunk a genuine villain and drift off to what they consider a well-earned rest, and everyone else just figures 'Fuck it, the system is shit, but it's the only system we got.' Meanwhile the Boys put in Ford, a total bozo, to reinforce the idea, then Carter...the Democrats and Republicans actually think they're on opposite sides, y'know...and meanwhile OMNICORP arranges an 'economic crisis' so everyone is so busy worrying about the mortgage and the empty fridge that they'll simply follow anything that claims to know where it's going, and then it's a matter of playing off the Nostalgia ploy they've had on the back burner the whole time and bring on Reagan, that wattled archetype of the Good Old Days...who is enough of an actor to remember his lines, if nothing else, which puts him one up on Nixon, who actually thought he was running at least some things...and before you know it, 1984 slips in the front door while you're staring out the window looking for a job. 'Nostalgia is looking backwards with both eyes full of bullshit', as Ken Kesey once said."

R: "And 'You can fool some of the people all of the time and the rest will watch.'"

F: "Who said that?"

R: "Mork from Ork."

F: "Really? Mebbe there's hope for television yet. Well, I gotta slip back into the night. There's a borrowed chopper outside that a very large dude will be missing eventually and I'd like to be in Maui by the time that happens."

R: "Maui? You're going to Hawaii?"

F: "That's the next trip, all righty. I'll send ya a pineapple. Oh, I got one more quote you might want to lay on the folks."
R: "Speak directly into the mike."
F: "Hello out there...this is your Roving Paranoid, Bjorn Fnord, reminding you that, 'If you don't know it's 1984 by 1984, it WILL BE 1984."
R: "Who said that?"
F: "You did. Bye now!"

The tape reveals the sound of Fnord cursing as the chopper refuses to catch despite repeated kicks, then, growling like a mechanical beast, the iron horse carries him off and away to whatever strange adventures await and I return to my experiments with beer and Tequila. We also serve who sit and drink.

(Author's Note: This section is recommended to be read after listening to "The New St George" and prior to listening to "The Old Changing Way" on HENRY THE HUMAN FLY by Richard Thompson, Island/IRSP20).

THE PARSIFAL MOSAIC, by Robert Ludlum (Bantam pb 1983): Ludlum is at it again, with another spy betrayed by his own leaders and desperately trying to find out the truth while everyone right down to the Boy Scouts tries to kill him. There is a beautiful foreign agent, devious officials with Eastern European names, Russian "sleeper" agents from decades back and CIA wackoes all running around and tying the plot into most convoluted knots. In other words, pretty much what you should expect to get from Ludlum. (AAAA)

THE BETSY, by Harold Robbins (Pocket pb 1972): This is what you call one of your "sweeping narrative" type books. Loren Hardeman, founder of an auto company, is determined to build a new car and do it right, regardless of anything his dipshit grandson can do to cause trouble. Hardeman hires the washed-up race car driver, Angelo Perino to oversee the work, which he does between bouts of screwing every woman he runs across. In the whole book, not once does anyone consider the safety implications of putting a 350 mph turbine car on the road with Grandma's Chrysler. (AA ½ A)

TROTSKY'S RUN, by Richard Hoyt (Tor pb 1982): Another spy epic, this one involving Kim Philby and the ghost of Leon Trotsky. I wish I could explain the plot, but the author has mistaken randomness for plotting and the entire book is quite thoroughly incoherent. Not even funny. (0 A)

REVERSE THE CHARGES, by Samuel A. Simon & Joseph W. Waz (Pantheon pb 1983): This book comes to us from the Telecommunications Research and Action Center, apparently another of Ralph Nader's brainchildren. It is full of advice on how to save money now that AT&T is divesticating. Most of the advice amounts to "shop around before you buy anything". Mildly worthwhile, but it'll be out of date very soon. (AAA)

THE MAN WHO WANTED TO BE GUILTY, by Henrik Stangerup (Marion Boyars tpb 1982): A distopian novel of a future socialist society, patterned upon Denmark (the author's home) carried to an extreme. Guilt has been abolished in this far-off society; people are not responsible for any heinous thing they might do, but rather driven to it by pressures. The protagonist kills his wife, and feels he should be punished for this even though he was drunk and provoked. The never seen leaders of the society, however, try to convince him it was an accident, no punishment needed. His search for some form of guilt is excellently protrayed, though the ending was a bit too telegraphed for my tastes. (AAAA ½ A)

CODE THREE, by Rick Raphael (Berkley pb 1965): The kind of science fiction that Ben Bova would write if he were still alive. Supercops of the future drive their enormous patrol car around the 800 mph highways, righting wrongs and giving out tickets in between the usual personal crises a cop has. In a word, atrocious. (AA)

THE 9183 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, edited by Donald Wollheim (Daw hc 1983): I would hesitate to say that Wollheim is any better at picking the best than are the Hugo awards, but all of these short stories are definitely worth preserving. I particularly liked James White's "The Scourge" and Rudy Rucker's "Peg-Man". (AAAA)

THE MISTS OF AVALON, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Knopf hc 1982): By now everyone in the world has reviewed this retelling of the legends of King Arthur, so what is there left for me to say? Well, the writing is excellent, and the characters are well-developed, but if heavy-handed religious arguments turn you off don't read this one. The background for the whole tale is the struggle between the old faith and Christianity, with the Christians being protrayed as generally stupid and villainous, with very few exceptions. If this bothers you, skip it, but otherwise this is a must. (AAAAA)

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN, by Frank W. Abagnale, Jr. (Grossett & Dunlap hc 1981): This is the ghostwritten autobiography of a well-known forger, con man, and bad check artist. He goes into some detail as to how he pulled off his capers, but the info is of no use to the budding criminal because Abagnale has been working with the cops for several years to ensure that the system can't be taken by his methods anymore. It's a moderately interesting story nonetheless, but suffers fromthe lack of depth so common to books written "with" someone else. (AAA)

THE FIRST THREE MINUTES, by Steven Weinberg (Basic hc 1977): An account of what has come to be known as the "standard model" of the origin of the universe, this is written by a Nobel-laureate physicist who really knows his stuff (quite possibly that's a tautology. Weinberg discusses how evertyhing there is was created in the Big Bang, and talks about the ways we know these things and What It All Means. The technical stuff is banished to an appendix, so this should be intelligbile to most anyone who wants to try and understand it. (AAAA)

NUCLEAR WAR AND THE SECOND COMING OF JESUS CHRIST, by Jerry Falwell (tpb 1983): This man is a real lunatic. Read in context, his "prophetic" biblical passages seem to bear very little relationship to the events he tries to tie them to. This isn't even worth reading on a "know your enemy" basis. (0 A)

Ads

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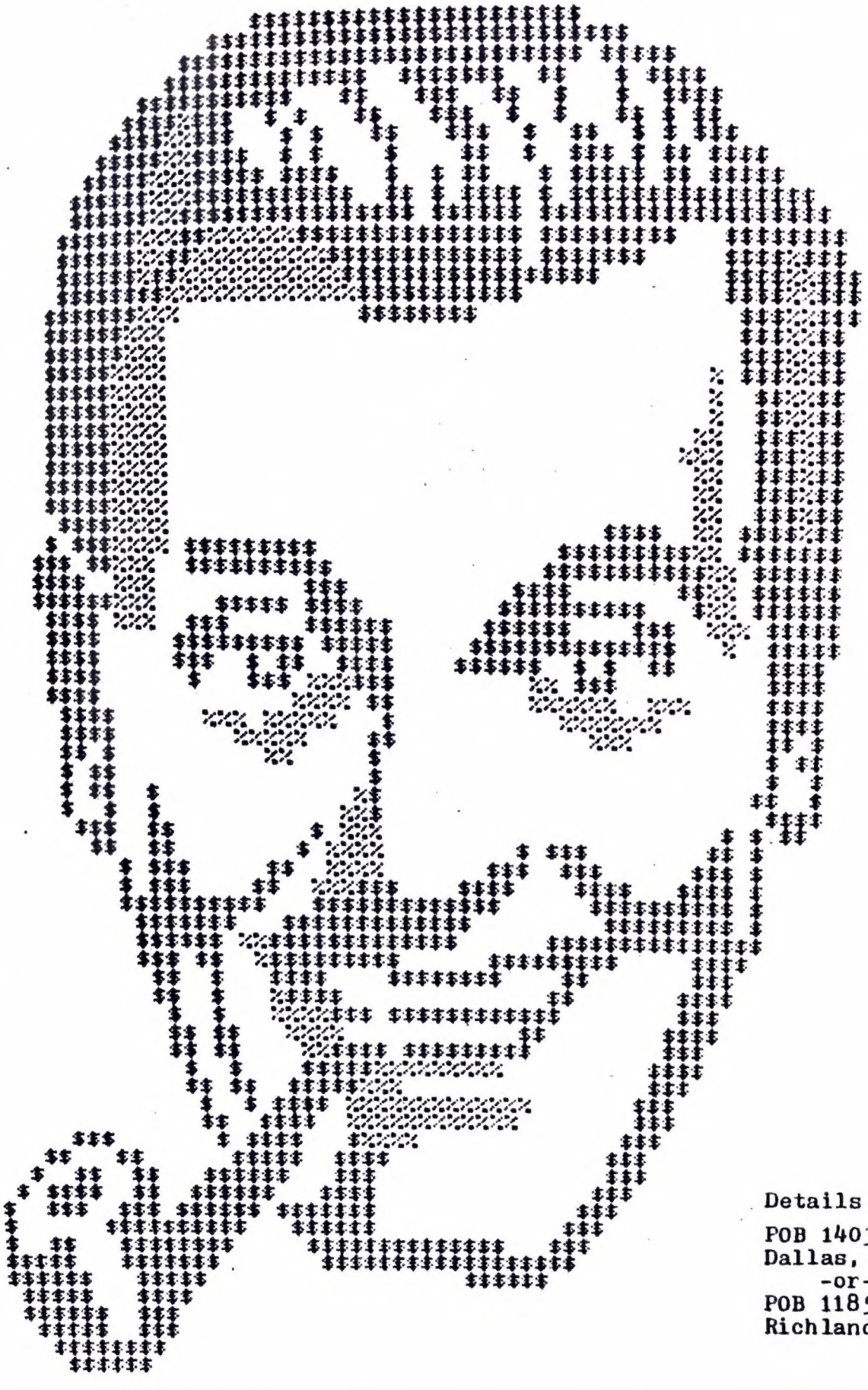

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